

Miller & Rhoads.

Heavy Round Thread Double-Bed Sheets, 45c.

If we hadn't bought these previous to the rise in price of raw cotton, you couldn't begin to get a Sheet like them for 45c.

Why the size alone—72x90 inches—in an ordinary cotton Sheet would make them unusually low priced, but these Sheets have a fine finish which adds much more to their value.

The same thing is true of all the bedding we are offering this week—but you'll see that for yourself—all that's needed is to quote a few sample prices, such as—

Sheets—		Bolster-Cases—	
45x72 inches.....	25c.	42x72 inches.....	25c.
63x90 inches.....	30c.	45x72 inches.....	25c.
72x90 inches.....	40c.		
90x90 inches.....	50c.		
Pillow-Cases—		Sheeting—	
45x35 inches, Plain, 10c; Hem-stitched, 12-15c.		Reinforced Sheet, 3-4 size, heavy, round thread 25c.	
		Unbleached Sheet, 3-4 size, fine round thread, 16c.	

971-2c and \$1.25 Will Purchase Two Splendid Bed Spreads.

Many low-priced Bed Spreads are starched and stiffened up to conceal the poor quality of material.

There's no dressing whatever in these Crocheted Spreads, and you'll

get full value received and more, too, in either one of them.

The \$1.25 Spreads are very large. You'll see Spreads of a similar quality and size for \$1.75 and \$2.00 elsewhere.

Miller & Rhoads

Social and Personal

Mrs. Mary Armstrong, of Johnson Avenue, Richmond, Long Island, New York, gave on Tuesday, July 28th, a farewell dinner to her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Murphy, who returned to Richmond yesterday much to the regret of their Long Island relatives.

Mrs. Armstrong's reputation as a charming hostess was well sustained. The toast of the evening at her dinner was given by Mr. P. T. Murphy, representing the Richmond branch of the Murphy family.

Mr. P. T. Murphy responded on behalf of the Southern Murphy family, and the prize, a miniature Shamrock scarf pin, was won by Mrs. Murphy.

A match game of billiards was played, and the prize, a miniature Shamrock scarf pin, was won by Mrs. Murphy.

Messrs. Joseph H. Hecke and Joseph Rosenbloom left for Baltimore via the Chesapeake and Potomac River line last afternoon to attend the convention of the Maryland State Association of the Deaf, to be held in Baltimore August 4th to 7th.

Miss Julia Rupprecht, accompanied by her niece, Mrs. August H. Rucker, and daughter, left to-day for the Otterburn Lithia Springs.

Miss Emily Gravatt and Miss Virginia Chamberlaine have returned from a delightful visit of several weeks to Newport News.

Miss Gertrude Skellion is the guest of Mr. E. O. Meyers at the Edman stock farm, near Charlottesville, Va.

Miss Lovey Smith is spending some time with Miss Alice Gibson at "Rosemont," near Berkeley, Va.

Mrs. L. A. Patrick of Danville, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Talley, at Fourth and Franklin Streets. Mrs. Talley will leave soon for Chataqua, and will afterwards make her home in Buffalo, New York, where she will have musical classes.

Mrs. Allen Patton, who has been the guest of friends here, has returned to Danville.

Miss Mabel Williams is visiting her sister, Mrs. Young of Norfolk, Va.

Miss Annie C. Williams has returned from Chase City, where she spent the month of July at the Mecklenburg.

Mrs. Louis D. Minnigerode and little daughter, of Lynchburg, are visiting at the beautiful home of their cousin, Mr. Gibson Carter, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

GOVERNOR GOING TO SUMMER RESORT

Governor Montague returned yesterday from Middlesex county, where he spent several days with relatives and will leave to-day for Jordan White Sulphur Springs in Frederick county to take a much needed rest after the long siege incident to the street car strike.

Mrs. Montague and the children will accompany him.

The Governor spent yesterday in his office, disposing of his mail and getting matters in shape for his trip. His plans are unusually quiet about the capital now and the time is a fitting one for the Governor to rest.

Gone to New York.

Messrs. Charles McCarthy, day clerk at Murphy's Hotel and J. B. Manning, who runs the cigar stand at that popular resort, left a few days ago for New York, where they will spend a week in sight seeing.

Mr. Matthews Here.

Hon. S. Williams Matthews member of the House from Accomack, is in the city and is stopping at Murphy's.

Mr. Matthews has a fight on his hands for re-election, but his friends seem confident of his return to the House.

Want Another Gun.

The State Board of Fisheries has made application to Governor Montague for another rapid fire gun for use by the State Oyster Navy. The gun is desired for use in the James River.

Mr. John T. Anderson and his daughter, Miss Lucy Gray Anderson, have left for a two-weeks' tour through New England, Canada and Nova Scotia. In Boston, Mass., they will meet their son, Mr. R. L. Jones, formerly of this city, now representing the Westinghouse Electric Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. M. Leod, the wife of the Rev. K. A. McLeod, the Presbyterian pastor of Greensboro, N. C., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Shore, at No. 10 North Main Street. She was called to Richmond by the illness of her sister, Mrs. Arnold, who recently died at the Virginia Hospital.

Mrs. Henry Cannon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Miller Price, in Norfolk.

Miss Maria Blair is spending the summer at the Warm Springs.

Miss Lina Montgomery has joined a house party at West Point, with Mrs. Gladstone, of Exmore, Va., and others.

Mrs. A. B. Bryant has gone to spend a few weeks with friends in the country.

Mr. Charles S. Taylor, of the Washing-

MULLEN WAS ACQUITTED

Was Charged with Carrying a Concealed Weapon.

EVIDENCE NOT SUFFICIENT

Said He Had the Pistol in His Hand and Was Taking it to His Son—Other Cases Before Justice Crutchfield.

The charge against Editor W. H. Mullen, of the Opinion, in the court of Justice John yesterday for carrying a concealed pistol was not sustained, and Mr. Mullen was dismissed. The charge was preferred by G. Y. T. Long, and a warrant was sworn out on Saturday night. A number of witnesses had been summoned, but only two of them appeared, one of whom was the man who swore out the warrant. He said he could swear that the pistol was concealed, and that he was not drunk, but excited, when he swore to the charge.

Mr. Mullen protested that the pistol was not concealed.

"I had been to the depot to meet some of my family," he said, "and when we got home, somebody thought there was a noise in the house. I took the pistol and searched the house and found no one. Then I took the pistol in my hand, not in my pocket to my son, who is employed near by, and gave it to him, so the small children could not get it. That's all. The other witnesses not appearing, and having not being certain that the weapon was concealed, Justice Crutchfield dismissed the charge.

The docket yesterday was about the largest in years. There were cases of disorder, robbery, assault and intoxication. Richard Holmes, a young negro, was sent on to the grand jury for breaking into the place of L. Rose & Co., and crying out a sum of money.

Bernard Harris, one of the strike-breaking conductors, who left his job last week, charged Bernard Harris, George Irving and Charles Cross with drugging him, and taking his money, shoes, watch and other articles.

"Here I am left in a strange place, without money or friends. I took a drink from a bottle offered me by these men, and fell in a stupor. When I awoke they were gone, and so was my property."

But there was no evidence that the men drugged and robbed Harris, and they were dismissed.

Henry Dickerson, a small colored boy, was sent to the negro reformatory at the request of his father, who had the alternative of whipping him for taking \$1.60 worth of candy from a confectioner.

Garfield Bates was fined \$50 and given thirty days for carrying a concealed weapon.

Alexandra Harris, colored, pleaded guilty to having stolen a ham and a can of syrups, belonging to Ullman. He was given thirty days.

Phillip Golden was assessed \$50 and given thirty days for carrying a concealed pistol.

Robert Hill, for cursing and abusing J. H. Clarke was charged \$5.

John Drew was fined \$25 for cursing and abusing Sallie Nelson.

Annie Taylor and Robert Nelson, colored, were each charged \$25 for running when they saw a policeman coming.

James Stokes paid \$5 for cursing and threatening Lizzie Spain. He said he didn't know anything about it.

Charles Nelson, colored, a notorious character, was charged by a country officer with threatening to shoot at a street car on the Seven Pines road. He was turned over to the county officer, William Davis was also turned over to the county for refusing to move when ordered to do so by an officer.

W. H. Collier was arrested as a suspicious character. He is one of the discharged Parley men, and was seen hanging around the barns at 2 o'clock in the morning. He said he was to borrow 50 cents from a friend. He too was turned over to the county authorities.

R. C. Thomas, E. W. Black and George Wilkerson were each given sixty days to sober up in.

May Use No Money.

Major L. T. Christian, one of the House members from Richmond city, who is a candidate for re-election is voted out among the other candidates. In the interest of observing the Barksdale law, which forbids the use of money in the campaign.

Major Christian thinks the time has come when statutes relating to elections should be strictly enforced.

MR. BOLLING HAS NOT RETURNED YET

Few Claims Have Reported Against Him—Mr. Thierman's Principal Liability.

There have been no further developments in the case of Wyndham Bolling, bankrupt, who disappeared ten days ago. Mr. Bolling is not in the city, and his whereabouts, if known at all, is known only to a few friends. It is understood that his brother, Mr. Blair Bolling, does not know just where he is, though he is said to have been communicated with through other persons. Some time ago Judge William J. Leake, acting in the interest of Mr. Blair Bolling and others, advertised for claimants against Wyndham Bolling to come forward and file their claims in order that an idea of the amount of the total liabilities may be arrived at. This was done, it is understood, with the idea of effecting a settlement of all these claims, or of adjusting them in some way satisfactory to the creditors. The response to this call for a statement of claims has been disappointing, and no definite idea can be formed yet as to the aggregate liabilities of Mr. Wyndham Bolling.

Some of the claims filed are for money deposited to be invested in certain stocks, and the declines in the market have in many cases entirely wiped out the deposits. In some cases the investors are indebted to Mr. Bolling, instead of having claims against him.

So far the claim of A. F. Thierman on Bolling, which the petition to have Wyndham Bolling adjudicated a bankrupt, is the chief known liability. Next Monday, August 10th, is answer day in the matter of this petition. Whether the application for adjudication as a bankrupt will be resisted or not is not positively known, but it is presumed not. Mr. Otto J. Kean is receiver in the case. After the defendant in the proceeding shall have been adjudicated the other creditors may file their claims with the receiver.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?" A West Indian Romance.

By PHILIP LITTLE—Copyright by Author.

CHAPTER IX.

Ralph Jennings became conscious soon after Rivers left, and having been given a soothing draft, soon fell asleep.

"He will do well," said the doctor, as he came out onto the veranda. "He is young and healthy; the wound is a clean one, and all he needs is careful watching for a couple of weeks or so. That I am sure he will get. He must be kept quiet, and not allowed to worry over his enforced absence from his work. That is the principal trouble here. We have with these young and active men, a trust that they will keep him contented," he asked, smiling at Kate, and thinking to himself that it would be a hard man to suit who would not be satisfied with such a lovely nurse seated by his bedside.

"I will do my best, I assure you. Mr. Jennings is too valuable to us and too good a company to lose through any carelessness or inattention. Any suggestion that you must give me shall be carried out to the best of my ability."

"I feel quite sure of that. I shall be here to-morrow morning to redress the wound and see how he is progressing. Do not encourage him to talk until his mind is clear. That will be before very long, I hope."

"He is not given to talking, as a rule, unless he has something to say. He is not a man who talks for the pleasure of hearing his own voice."

"He has not been wounded before. You cannot tell what he will do," said the doctor, laughing, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

The next morning found Ralph clear in his mind, but very desirous to find out what had happened.

"You must not ask questions," said Kate, with a smile. "I will tell you all that occurred, as far as I know from the accounts of the doctor and the little that Captain Rivers can tell."

As she told the story, the overseer's brow became clouded with a frown, and his eyes snapped. He started to speak, but a light hand was laid on his mouth in an instant, and he desisted. He had never been either ill or injured before, and the lying in bed was irksome. Still, the sensation of being watched over, and cared for, by such a beautiful girl as Kate Montague fully compensated him.

After a few days the restrictions were taken off as to his talking.

"But I cannot see," he said to Kate, "why he should have picked me out. He has never spoken to me, and as far as I know, has never seen me since the day when he found me here, just after the wreck. We had just come from the river, if you will remember, and simply passed before him. If he had attempted to shoot your father, I could easily have understood it."

"He has been about here by others lately," said the girl, with a slight flush. She did not tell him that Allan Cunningham had made love to her while in her father's employ, nor that he had twice attempted to repeat it after leaving. She said that when the prospect rose to the light, so that her increased color could not be seen from where he lay in bed.

"Has he? Did he make any threats to any one?"

"Papa warned the day that you were away by Burton, the—she hesitated a moment and then continued, "the father of the girl that went away with him."

"She went away with him? What a fearful thing! What a rascal he must have been! So your father was warned, was he? It was a little too late, eh?"

"Yes, just too late. Fortunately, it did not end as badly as it might have."

"A man must do some time, Miss Montague."

"True; but he need not be killed by a scoundrel like Allan Cunningham if it can be prevented."

"Why did not Burton warn your father sooner?"

"Because he says he did not believe that they were anything but idle threats, made when the drink got the upper hand of my cousin."

"A man like that does not make idle threats, even when he has been drinking. Still, it is over now. Do they know where he is?"

"It is supposed that he is hiding somewhere on the island, but up to this time there has been no sign of him. He is a scoundrel in the mountains where he could remain hidden almost indefinitely."

"But it is nothing but suspicion at the best. They do not know for sure that it was he that shot me, and you are good enough to say as well as your strength, has brought about a remarkable recovery, but all that does not alter the fact that you were very seriously wounded. Then, again, you must remember

"You are a deserter," she exclaimed, smiling at him. "Sit down and I will tell you. What do you think of my proposed visit? You left us before I could ask you, and you must think it charming of Marie to ask me."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing her, but that she is a gainer by it I am sure."

"O, you flatterer," she cried with upraised hands, but she was pleased nevertheless.

"Not at all. The place will be desolate without you."

"O, Mr. Jennings! Why, there will be papa!"

She was quite woman enough to enjoy leading him on.

"Papa!" He uttered the word in a tone that made her start. "Papa is not you, Kate—Miss Montague, I should say—no, Kate. Are you blind? Do you not see that I have been in your presence all this time and have fallen a victim? How Cunningham could have withstood your charms I do not see. O, Kate, Kate, there is no hope for me."

"You cannot work as you did for at least six months," the doctor said. "You must remember that it is no light matter to be shot through the lungs, as you were. I will admit that youth and passion are good things, as well as your strength, has brought about a remarkable recovery, but all that does not alter the fact that you were very seriously wounded. Then, again, you must remember

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the climate. You must drive, and not ride, for at least six weeks yet."

And so Kate had taken to driving him over the plantation, and as someone has said that opportunity and propriety are all that are needed to bring about a love affair between two young people, there was a good chance, it seemed, of having it verified in this case.

But the girl, even though she had lived most of her life apart from the great world, was not one of those women that lose their heads or hearts when a young man looks at them. She liked Ralph very much, but at present it did not go beyond that with her. She could see no idea what it would be to have him absent for a time. The feeling that she had shown at the time of the shooting she had not been conscious of in the least, and it had passed unnoticed by the others.

As for Ralph, he considered her the most lovable woman that he had ever met, but then his experience with women had been small, and he had not the courage to tell her of the feelings which were fast getting the better of him. He saw, or thought that he saw, that she looked upon him merely as a pleasant companion, a most useful person on the plantation, and, in truth, he did not realize how deep his own feelings were.

He found Mr. Montague and Kate on the veranda, the former in his usual position, looking over the mail, which had that moment arrived.

The girl had taken up her letters and seated herself in a shady corner. Suddenly an exclamation of surprise and pleasure broke from her lips.

"Papa, dear," she said.

"Yes, Kate, what is it?" was the rather absent-minded reply.

"I have a letter from Marie de la Touche."

"Well, what of it?"

"She wishes me to make her a visit—to stop two months with her."

Jennings felt as though a cold hand had been placed over his heart. Two months away! How could he stand it?

"Does she, indeed? Let me see, she lives—"

"In St. Pierre, Martinique."

"And you will go?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"I think next week."

"Very well, my dear. You are your own mistress. We shall miss you very much, shall we not, Jennings?"

Ralph's mouth felt dry and parched, and it was with an effort that he managed to make an affirmative reply.

Fortunately Kate was so delighted with the idea of her visit, and her father so anxious to return to the pursuit of his letters, in which he had been interrupted that neither of them noticed his agitation.

He stepped quietly down from the veranda, and wandered aimlessly away.

Two months! He thought to himself. She had become so much a part of his life, that when the prospect rose before him of losing her for even that brief time, it seemed like an age. To go on with his daily round of duties, and return without her welcoming smile, or interested questioning. To sit on the broad veranda of an evening quite alone, or with Mr. Montague—an expectant man, but not Kate! He had to confess to himself that he had become accustomed to leaning upon the girl's judgment in some of the knotty problems that confronted his inexperienced path, and which were likely to increase just at this period.

He sat down on the edge of the high bluff in the shadow of a tree, and looked out over the great valley and silver colored river below him.

The stream ran placidly below him, and he could see the form of his shipmate, seated quietly on the deck of the brig in the shade of the awning, calmly reading. Everyone seemed happy and contented except himself, and the prospect was not inspiring. Well, it must be borne as best it could, but should he speak then, or wait till her return? If she did not love him, but was only interested in his success as it affected the plantation, such action would be fatal, and he had not had enough experience with women to judge whether it was so, or whether she cherished a warmer, deeper feeling.

The young man's feelings were not to be so easily controlled. He had to bear that certainly, even though the latter be against one's cherished hopes. He hit the stem of the briarwood pipe which he held between his teeth as he meditated on his course, but it failed to aid him in solving the difficulty before him.

"Confound it," he muttered to himself. "I must try to come to a decision as to decide things myself, but I am fairly stranded now."

At this moment there was a light step behind him, and the sweet, clear voice of Kate broke in upon his reverie, making him jump to his feet with a start, while she stood before him with her already strained face.

"You are a deserter," she exclaimed, smiling at him. "Sit down and I will tell you. What do you think of my proposed visit? You left us before I could ask you, and you must think it charming of Marie to ask me."

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